

Gallery

Tsunami Notebook by Margo Berdeshevsky



Margo Berdeshevsky

What Has Not Fallen

The Indonesian sea, the sea the sea
 how it floats its seventeen thousand islets
 in the shadows of the drowned,

my doppelganger already counting
 leaves on wasp wings and their
 other ghosts, their thousands,

and the moon expanding dawn like
 helium to match the watered vast I'll quickly
 kneel to, kissing what god? I do not know.

Not my language, flood, or palace, or Allah,
 the violence of – mourning, mourning, that
 kind of mourning. Every grain of its loosened mountain

memory recoiling like its infamous curl exposing
 desert that is the bottom of its blighted sea,

when they speak the names of their beloved dead,

what language can draw a ghost in white ink,
its charred desire . Ask me. Ask me what is
an "I" at the unraveling of a world, was this

the end at the end of our time? Those who never had
enough except of luminescence and the mildew
of the tropic quotidian,
 too much broken,
 too much dead,

that flower had too much purple, too much gold,
too much red, and three petals, once.

Did you have time to kiss, any of you?
In every language, any, my only useful prayer.

*"The sea has not fallen. The sea has not fallen.
(off stage whisper) The sea has not fallen." •*

Sumatra, 2004

[• from a line by Andrew Zawacki .]

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